

## Noted in the Dark

*Dixie Partridge*

Some nights here there've been singings  
the children out into twilight . . . their countings,  
their hidings, their  
*ally ally oxen frees.*

And sometimes the crickets were not sounding bereft  
but offered impressions you needed to hear.

Now in the stillness you feel the heart as a bell  
after all the years, sounding through liquid  
in the wrist and the ear  
though many the sundowns  
when veins turn to faint smoldering . . .  
against regrets?  
the constant shortening of time?  
the way fluid horizons can burn  
without flame as day slips out.

The night sky seems a sieve:  
wavelengths and light years . . . the absences  
we reach for, like too muted music we need to take in  
hoping the finally discernible notes,  
accidentals, clusters, and cues  
will become one harmony, the *sigh*  
soothing losses into the word *rest*